Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyſe did ſcare me from the Tombe,
And ſhe too deſperate would not go with me:
But as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, & to the marriage her Nurſe is priuie:
And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place. To this ſame monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raiſd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of kinſmen, all are puniſht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her ſtatue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Capel. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardoned, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.